

mino rosso

MINO MARIA ROSSO
IL PICCOLO PRINCIPE

a story
on the tip
of my fingers

translated by
paul james negus

torino 2019

author's cover

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a story
on the tip
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i,
the little prince

original title - un racconto
in punta
di dita

io,
il piccolo principe

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good idea: to tell through images a whole story on the nails of the ten fingers of the hand (hence the title). i have no idea how this came to mind. maybe because on my travels i have always paid particular attention to traditional cosmetic signs. it is not by chance that i am working on a research concerning small ornamental symbols in various cultures. i should reproduce them in the form of drawings, also on nails. i have already done so. sometimes. but only by chance. but all of this has little importance. what counts now is that which i have recently thought. i repeat: to put on each nail a picture suggested by a fragment of a story or an entire book. obviously i must have liked the idea that what was painted on such a small space could be brought to the eyes of others to become, not only an ornament, but also an excuse to open up indeed a non-frivolous discussion. all depends on: whose hands they are an whose

eyes lay on them. i searched in many books, that i have at hand, those i believed to be best for this first publication. thus i chose *the little prince* by antoin de saint exupéry. better using one of his re-written. mine: **i, the little prince** written in tunisia for the finzi edition and recently re-printed in turin. the full free version can be found online. re-reading it, in order to obtain comment fragments for the images, it came to mind that it would be useful to put here the entire initial note. i believe is serves to better understand the reason for this work. here it is:

it is decisively as an adult to consider “*the little prince*” for children, and children are still too fragile to be able to understand it. for this reason it has been written for all those grownups who were once children and remember it. perhaps they don’t exist. it is for these grownups that it has been written in verse, and still and even more in an essential manner, this contradictory, faithful even fragile soliloquy. and *if you need to have something to say to write* then it should also be justified. it is a soliloquy of an self-complex with one’s own self, in a simplified way, but only apparently, where all the characters are reported as just one. a self that is, at the same time or from time to time, the king, vain, a drunkard, a business man, the lamp-maker, geographer and, above all, aviator (the grownup) and *the little prince* (the child). the entire story takes place within this self that, concerning the child, lives on his so small planet, where the

baobab, as big as fear, is ready to pass through him with its roots. life is also here, always the same for the self and its "falling-in-love". the falling-in-love with a flower. a flower for which one dies little by little. perhaps also the flower is part of the self-complex as his projection. this is a serious discussion better left to those who know how to count the stars in order to own them and doesn't know the colour of wheat. the external world comes into play only through a few figures encountered on earth. the shepherd, astronomer, rose, station master, merchant, the fox and snake. it is the fox that knows what domestic means. it is also rational and makes the self-complex take a step towards the integration of who is only grownup. it is the snake that takes care about making him become only grownup once and for all, the yellow dart of an invisible death that cancels for always the *little prince* from self with

the serious excuse of taking him back to his invented flower. you always die in the most fragile part, pressed by urgency to become that which you think you should become. without realising that you are inevitably only grownup. bills, bridge, politics and the tie have become, at a certain point onwards, the interests of the new content a very rational man. one becomes only grownup notwithstanding everything. it happens when you are no longer able to invent a flower for which to die. it is only a question of time. it is said that it is just luck. this could be true.

goodbye little prince!

this long preface feels as often happens also behind something that seems if not banal at least light to hide unforeseen meanings of little legibility when read hurriedly. you forget how an idea slides away becoming complicated with the passing of time whilst doing it. if you want to reach something appreciable a series of problems must be resolved. in this case: the sequence, the way to look at the images and the shape of the nails on which you want to paint. concerning the sequence: it must be remembered that there are many ways to count numbers with fingers before facing this adventure i had never taken this into account (or i had never taken note). i take mine as an example: numbering begins with 1 on the right hand thumb continuing with 2 on the index, 3 on the middle, 4 ring finger and 5 on the little finger. on the left hand thumb 6 up to 10 on the little finger. but as i said this is only one of

the many possibilities. here arises the difficulty to number the , so said, book chapters according to a temporal logic that a story requires. at this point an idea came to my aid, being that the hands are the main character, the finger can be seen as the subjects which communicate with each other without any pre-established order. this belief arises from the initial notes where the protagonist subjects are *individual* but, almost all, are part of a singular self. it immediately seemed that an undue introduction on my part wanted to give them a numbered tagged sequence. i leave this task to randomness or, better because it is more realistic, to the onicoistà's¹ choice, probably due to the space allotted to the image in ratio to the creation. this means that the various pages (fragments) can be so put without any logic that takes inspiration from the original text but only the whim of the artist (usually a painter in the form

of art). the solution is valid for the sequence on the nails of a single hand. this means that the figures from 1 to 5 are on one hand and those from 6 to 10 are on the other. this setting overcomes temporal rigour, which sees the fingers "speaking" to each other, it also resolves the problem of the direction of the images that must show their lower side towards the centre of the hand giving the reading a sense, more towards itself rather than to the outside. meaning there is more harmony with the shape of the soliloquy referred to in the introductory notes. who so ever intends to tell this story on their nails must agree with the onicoista about the technique to fulfil the images, and above all, the best shape with which to do them. there are many. my choice is egg-shaped. it looks more gracefully. less flagrantly invasive. the choice of words is not by chance but underlines that today there is particular attention paid

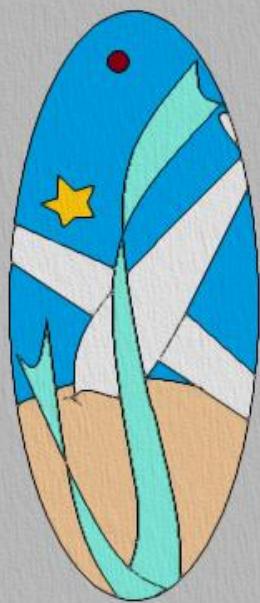
to nail-art which creates true works of art on the surface of nails. at present there are many nail artists who carry out special reconstructions, creative nail polish and glitter applications, searching for a fleeting aesthetic uniqueness. certainly fleeting. because there is something particular that has not been taken into account: nails grow. inevitably. whether we like it or not. as we should do. it is not an irrelevant fact. over time (more or less one month) the *lunular* (the space between the cuticle) and the *ungueale* (commonly known as the nail) with the relative advanced relocation of the free border. so everything needs to be done again. at the base the reconstruction is written in our inevitable destiny.

turin - 1st january 2019

¹ onicoista i have no idea if this word is used in italian. it comes from onicotecnica (greek onyx, nail) the new profession that has the task of reconstruction, cure, upkeep and décor of nails.

then my plane
the accident
and the desert
a thousand miles
from any inhabited land
i was wondering
seriously when.

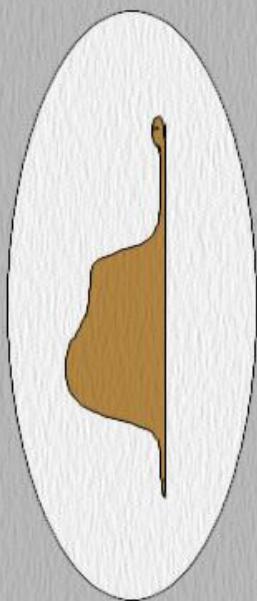
it took me a long time
to understand where i came from
i asked myself many questions
and it seems i never heard mine
i fell from the sky.



1

2

at the age of 6
my first masterpiece
a bouy
that digested an elephant
itw as not a hat
but the grownups
never understand anything by themselves
and you get tired of always explaining everything.



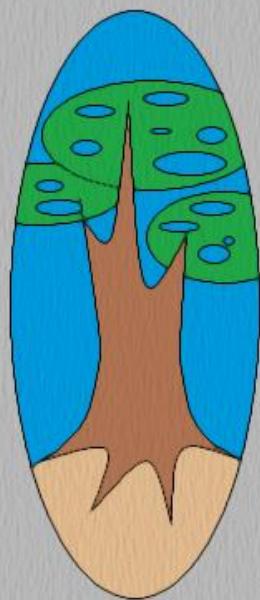
2

3

the baobabs
before becoming big
start with being small.

they sleep in the secret of the earth
until one or the other
grabs the fantasy to wake them up.

say
- be careful of the baobabs –
and warn your friends
ungently.

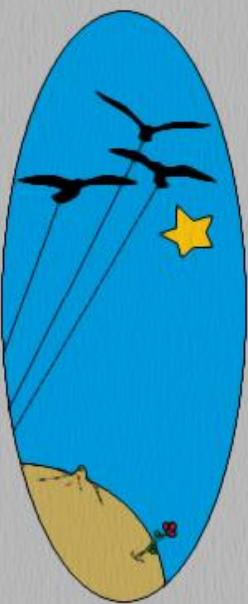


3

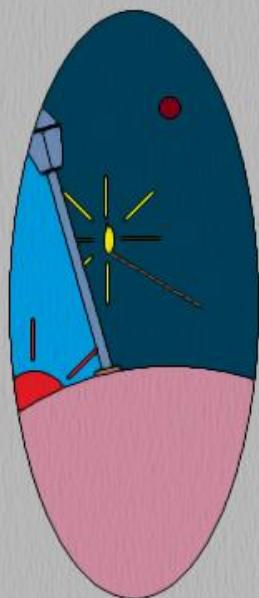
i believe to have come away
taking advantage of a migration
of wild birds

i think i don't have to
return any more

- you have been a fool
just like me
try to be
happy -



what a truly
absurd man i am
(but no more than the others)
i switch on and off a lamp
just as a delivery
of a work truly
useful because it is beautiful
even if today is bad
there is nothing to understand.

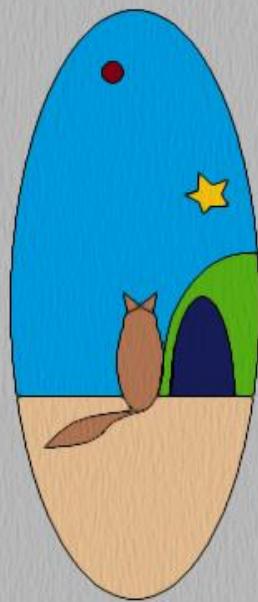


5

to play you need
to be domesticated
and to domesticate is one thing
very much forgotten
meaning
to create ties.

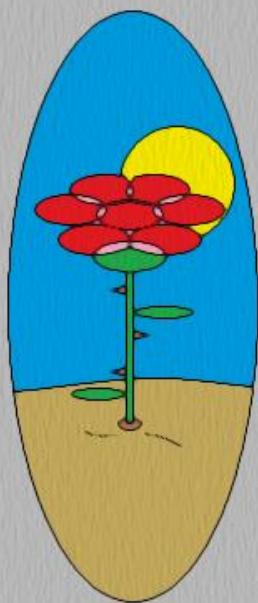
and to domesticate one self
needs a lot of patients.

in silence
(words are a source of misunderstanding)



if you domesticate me
you will need
each other
and you will be for me
the only one in the world
and i will be for you
the only one in the world.

there is a flower
i think it has domesticated me.



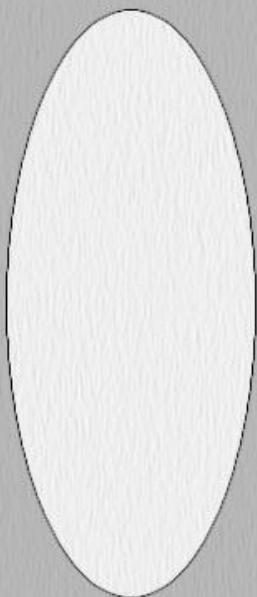
7

i'll tell you my secret

- the essential is invisible to the eye -

- the essential is invisible to the eye -

i repeated so as to remember it.



8

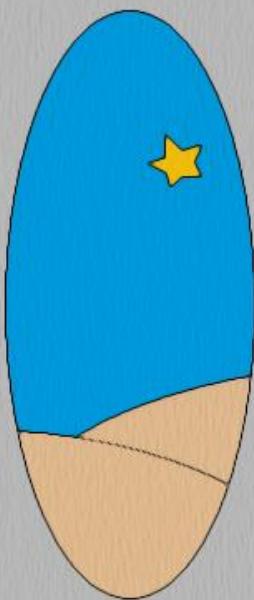
- you are alone even with men –
the gold bracelet around the ankle told me
as thin as a finger
but mightier than the finger of a king
- he whom i touch
i give back to the land
from where it came -

- why do you always speak in riddles? - i asked
- that is where all is resolved – he answered
and we remained in silence.



9

that enough questioning the sky.
but perhaps i too
by now
will not understand
why this has
so much importance.



10

the author



i am mino rosso even though my real name is delfino maria rosso. i was born in the month of february on the 18th. of whatever year in turin where i live and also work as a journalist, that's about it. i don't love to speak very much myself, which it to say a little, i find it completely useless and sometimes even boring. for those who are curious i can get involved with some links, but non only. you can meet me at: minorosso@hotmail.com

